

THE  
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY;  
OR  
*Magazine of Polite Literature.*

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"E VARIIS LECTI FLORES."

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EDITED BY SYLVANUS PERSE.

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1804

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*IT has been, more than once, hinted to the Editor, that the currency of this publication is much impeded, especially in Boston, by its want of the recommendation of amusing anecdotes and wonderful stories. In reply, he would observe, that tales, ingeniously related, and forcibly inculcating some virtuous sentiment, and anecdotes, amusing to a refined and correct taste, will always be objects of his attention. But he heartily disdains to insult his patrons, by offering them a gallimaufry of witless jests, silly puns, and nonsensical bon-mots, from which the popularity of periodical works too often arises. The primary and invariable purpose of his present undertaking is, to open to public notice some specimens of the literary skill in this country,—to offer such essays, as are furnished with sentimental instruction and rational amusement,—to remark on the progress of science and the fine arts, and, with various tongues, to plead in behalf of virtuous refinement. If this attempt will not gain extensive patronage, it is pleasing to find, that there are even a few, who bestow their approbation.*



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THE  
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,  
FOR  
APRIL, 1804.

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For the MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

THE MAUSOLEUM OF WASHINGTON.

THE services of Gen. WASHINGTON are too recent and important to be already forgotten. His unimpeachable integrity raised him above suspicion—almost above reproach. Parties most inveterate have united in honours to his memory. Congress, on receiving the mournful tidings of his death, with a warmth, which was as grateful in them, as correspondent to the feelings of their constituents, decreed those marks of respect, which his virtues claimed, and which it became an affectionate people to bestow. All branches of government concurred in adopting those measures, by which the reverence and gratitude of Americans might be expressed to one, who had earned them by as great services, as ever a patriot rendered to his country. This was an act of feeling performed in a moment of feeling. Here was a tribute of the heart, which bore on its front the stamp and impress of the heart. Let him, who has a sense of moral excellence, and is capable of appreciating it; who loves virtue, and rejoices in its reward; who feels gratitude, and burns to express it; let such a person judge whether this act of feeling and tribute of the heart were not founded in justice and expressive of the noblest sentiments. Let him then consider the nice and cold calculations, which were afterwards made in Congress to discover the least possible sum, which could be offered with decency to shelter the remains of Washington. Will he not blush and hang his head in acknowledging himself an American? Will he not detest that sordid economy, which thus exalts itself on the ruins of the best feelings of our nature, and grudges an honourable and majestic structure to the dust of the hero and saviour of his country?

But “what good,” said some, “will a Mausoleum do?” I would have answered by asking, “what good would the cheapest and meanest monument have done?” The question was an insult on the understanding and feelings of our countrymen.



Did they suppose that mausoleums, or monuments are erected from mercenary views, to increase our revenue, repel invasion, or support the government? Ask the disconsolate husband, or weeping child, what good the marble will do, which he places over the grave of a wife, or a father.—Are the dictates of affection, the consoling expressions of tenderness to be slighted and suppressed, because they neither protect from danger, nor ensure prosperity? Affection is its own reward, and shrinks from the imputation of acting from selfish motives.

If it was to express national gratitude, the expression should have been regulated by the excellence of the man and the ability of the people. Washington was the founder and support of our republic; and in this glorious enterprise, he exhausted the vigour of manhood, and the experience of age. Ours were the nerves of his arm, the affections of his heart, and the mighty powers of his mind. Should not he, who outstript all in the race, have received the noblest prize? Was it just, that such services, as his, should have a crumbling monument, pitiful in design, and disgraceful by a contrast with the man to whom it was erected? Would individual gratitude have thus stinted its expressions to a private benefactor? And was it thus that the labours and services of Washington was to be lowered in estimation by a monument dishonourably “slim,” and reluctantly raised? I say reluctantly—who did not discover in the slow and wavering conduct of our national council a struggle between interest and honour, an anxiety to save at once the money of the nation, and to secure it from disgrace? In fact, there was something so indecent and wounding to a delicate mind in most, that was said and done on this subject, that silence and neglect would not have inflicted keener pangs. Had we owed Washington an immense sum of money, our representatives might have debated for years on the easiest mode of payment. But when the subject was a tribute of the heart, of our own offering, to introduce into such a measure all the petty amendments of a revenue law—to throw it backwards and forwards from one house of Congress to another, with as little ceremony as a private petition—to debate upon it for days and weeks, as if it required deep investigation and involved important interests—to pour forth in the debate all the rancour of party mixed with the frigid and frothy hyperbole of panegyric—all this was past sufferance, and agonized as much as it disgraced our country. Before this I



thought action was the natural language of affection. I considered our sentiments of regard and gratitude as too refined to be analyzed—too instinctive to need the elucidation of argument—too spiritual to be weighed and proportioned in the scales of interest—too ardent to wait for the cold deductions of economy, and too much absorbed in its object to be able to study declamation on its own warmth and disinterestedness. But men are made of sterner stuff, and all this has vanished before the influence of reason and philosophy.

I before observed, that our expressions of gratitude should have been regulated by our ability. A nation without wealth or arts might join in rolling a huge and unhewn stone on the grave of their favourite hero, and this would have been an honourable expression of national sentiment. This cheap monument would however disgrace a rich and polished nation. In reply to this it was said, that it was impossible exactly to define the honours Washington deserved, or that we owed. But on this subject a warm heart, under the directions of a correct mind, never can decide wrong. Let us suppose, for instance, that the representatives of a great nation should with equal gratitude and prudence determine to erect a Mausoleum to him, who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen;" suppose a few months elapsed, and this great assembly coolly inquiring, "What good will a Mausoleum do? can it speak louder than a cheaper monument? If we cannot by such means extend the fame of the man, why shall we not save the money of the treasury?" Have we hearts, and do they not teach us to abhor this mercenary language? Do they not regard such men, as chaffering rather for a mean popularity, founded on economy, than paying honours to the father of their country? Do they not suspect, that such men have less inclination to erect his Mausoleum, than to sell his bones? Should we not reply to their argument, if addressed to us, "Why erect even a monument to the memory of your favourite hero? Can it speak louder than four rough stones, thrown on the corners of the grave? It cannot spread farther his praises, and why then squander your money?" Who does not see, that the application of this reasoning to ourselves will lead us to erect a monument, not to the virtues of Washington, but our own infamy and ingratitude? Foreigners, who may visit our metropolis, after viewing the majestic piles of



public convenience, and palaces of private ease, will naturally inquire for "the tomb of Washington, that illustrious man, whom Heaven has given as its best blessing to a great nation, which has fostered his virtues, and knows so well to form an eternal record of his patriotism and glory." Judge of their astonishment, should we lead them to such a cheap monument of departed greatness, as our thrifty statesmen devised. They might well exclaim, "Foxes have holes, and birds have nests, but the man, whom Heaven designed the favour of his country, has not where to lay his bones."

As Congress undertook to pay a tribute of national gratitude, it was their duty to express the feelings of the nation. Have they done it? Have they discovered that ardent gratitude, which glowed with enthusiasm in their constituents? Did they not talk, where the people would have acted; and calculate, where the people felt? Would to Heaven they had left the people in this case to have acted for themselves. Every patriot, every lover of excellence would have rejoiced to have made a personal expression of individual gratitude. Avarice would have rifled his bags, and poverty cheerfully bestowed her mite, and one Mausoleum on earth would witness the love of the people to their best friend. But instead of this, cold statesmen made speeches upon gratitude, our financiers tried by problems how it might be expressed at the least expense, and for years Washington sleeps without a stone to tell the pious pilgrim where he lies.

It is unnecessary to enlarge on a subject, on which every man's feeling and reflection will pronounce the same judgment. National ingratitude is a thing of daily observation; but in the new world it exchanged the neutral garb of neglect for the form of sarcastic respect. With us it has adopted the best plan for obliterating our national obligation to the father of our country. But this attempt disgraces us alone. It will not snatch away a wreath from the brow of Washington. The good of all ages will be the guardians of his fame, while the memory of his virtues, and the fruits of his heroism will give him a monument, wide as the world, and durable as time. Our children, we trust, will burn the journals, which record the disgrace of their fathers; and, by generous offerings of gratitude, make the earth forget the parsimony of men, who, forgetting the services of the living, deny honours to the dead.

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CENSOR.



For the MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

## SINCERITY.

THE advantages of sincerity are so many and so great, that it seems surprising, it is not generally adopted, as a virtue equally useful and amiable. In our intercourse with the world, these advantages are not less valuable, though perhaps less obvious, than in the circle of domestic life, or even in communion with ourselves. Common prejudice, however, I am sensible, strongly contradicts this opinion. Policy, interest, safety itself are generally thought to require affectation, if not deception. Bad men are interested in supporting this opinion; and indeed their system of morality, or rather *immorality*, alone requires the adoption of it in practice. Is a man envious and malignant? Then he must appear *very* benevolent, *very* kind, *very* charitable. Is he the slave of avarice? He must exhort to almsgiving, pretend a marvellous affection for the poor, exhibit his name on subscriptions, and display his hand at public collections for their relief. Is he a venal office seeker? He must proclaim his patriotism at the corners of streets, and descant in tedious newspaper essays on the incapacity and treachery of rulers and public ministers.

This indeed deceives the ignorant and superficial for a time; but for the honour of mankind and the consolation of virtue it may be said, and attentive observation will confirm the remark, that the world is seldom ultimately deceived by hypocrisy. Sooner or later the veil is removed, and vice appears in native deformity; deformity doubly odious, because unseen and unsuspected.

If I were to reason with a vicious man, and he for once would lay aside his disguise, and disclose his thoughts, perhaps he would reason somewhat in this way: "Attached I must own I am to several vices, which to the world would appear enormous. If I indulge them without disguise, I must bid adieu to all confidence, esteem, or friendship. Not only my station in society, but my very existence depends on concealment. My honours and all the fruits of studied circumspection and hypocrisy during my whole life, would at once be snatched from me; and by whom? by miscreants as vile, but not so imprudent, as myself. The world would not give me credit for an ingenuous avowal; but, judging from the known deceptive arts of



vice, would ascribe to me a heart hideously deformed in proportion to the sample disclosed." This reasoning is just, as far as it goes. He then states the other alternative. "While I can continue to deceive the world, I shall reap the rewards of genuine virtue. I confide in my own unremitting vigilance to protract the deception as long as I live. At worst, if detected, my punishment cannot be greater, than the consequence of a voluntary avowal would draw upon me." To confute the apparent inference from this dilemma is easy; for it presupposes a *continuance* in vice. Thus it is, the votaries of criminal indulgence are accustomed to reason. With their darling sins they "cannot, cannot part." Though it may shock them to propose so dear a sacrifice, yet I cannot refrain from informing them, how they may escape the unavoidable evils of an avowal, and the irksome restraint, the mental imprisonment of hypocrisy, and the painful apprehension of discovery. The secret is unfolded in two words-----BE VIRTUOUS.

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For the MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

Mr. PERSE,

AS you have lately published some letters, that were written to my friend STUDIOSUS, I wish you to publish the enclosed, which he addressed to me, at my entrance into life. It was dictated by friendship; and, I believe, may afford to others the advantage I received from it. The world is the same in all its revolutions; and a few years have not swept away those characters, which he has here so strongly depicted, as easily to be recognized in the round of life.

Yours,

ALCANDER.

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FROM STUDIOSUS TO ALCANDER.

N—, March 30, 18—.

STOP, stop, stop, my young friend; you are hurrying too fast from tranquil scenes and rational pursuits, into the giddy and bustling world. Look a moment on the past. The pictures of memory are all mild and pleasing, and bring with them a thousand hopes. Let them not delude you. In future scenes, you will meet with every thing of a different character. Listen to the word of experience, and cherish it as the best and safest counsel of your life.

You have heretofore been a stranger to vice and to folly. Your friends have been selected from frank and congenial companions. They wore their natural faces; and when you hugged



them to your bosom, and gave them your confidence, you were safe, for they were good. Conduct was the index of the heart, and language was the open witness of feeling. But you are now adventuring on scenes, where all are players. The world is only a corps of actors, and you may be but a jest in the great farce of "Who's the Dupe?"

Do not be alarmed at this; do not suspect it. Quiet for a moment your indignation at what you consider the calumny of a misanthrope. My retirement and gloom are not elected. I entered the scenes, with expectations of the end of adventures, as happy, as the closing narratives of a romance. I finished my part with the catastrophe of a wo-begone hero.

You have just had a warm squeeze and hearty welcome from \*\*\*\*\*. You have entered him on your list of friends. From his knowledge of the world you have anticipated a thousand advantages. Let me waken you from your delusive visions. \*\*\*\*\* has not thought of you since you parted, nor will your image appear before him, till he sees you again. His heart is like a mirror, which only reflects the present object. \*\*\*\*\* has learned the lesson you have not been taught, that the world is selfish, and has wisely resolved not to neglect himself, in expectation of the attention of others. With this resolve, he practises the courtesies of life from a regard to his own interest, and every thing he secures by it is clear gain in the calculations of this worldling.

\*\*\*\*\* is a man of the same cast, with the same views. He has risen from mediocrity by a pleasing address and persevering exertions. In him avarice and ambition share divided rule. He practised on you all the smiles of politeness, and displayed all the warmth of hypocrisy. If you had less modesty, you would have readily found another cause for his proffers of kindness, than the sentiment of friendship. You have some reputation in the world for talents, and more for integrity. Your praise is worth a hundred kind salutations. It will gain credit to his ardent professions of regard to the public interest. Your own vote has its value, and your eulogiums may gain many more. If nature had stinted you in genius, the full growth of your virtues had never gained you his notice. But now you may be useful as well as graceful in his train; and while you are the instrument of his fame and fortune, he can boast of his friendly patronage.



\*\*\*\*\* is a character, whom your ignorance alone secured for a moment. You have heard of his riches, but you will die without being a witness to his prodigality. He has too much art to appear in the character of Hunks, but he has not more generosity. He has grown rich by lucky wind-falls, and, in gathering his harvest, he has left nothing for the gleaner. He has an ostentation of benevolence, and was eager in promises of support. It was only a spring breeze in March, and soon died away in the cold winter of his heart. He hates me, for my frequent introduction of objects of that charity, of which he so piously prates. But it is idle to waste more upon a man, who, I conjecture, will never waste another compliment on you. You can write your friends of his momentary, kind attention, and after the cold neglect of months, he will complain to the first one, that mentions you, of your not being the social confidant, to whom he shall be ever happy to render every assistance. The remembrance of you will end with this stale repetition of his forced civility.

This dejecting sketch of the men around you might drive you again into seclusion, if hope did not find strength in the visions of youth. You expect exceptions, with a confidence founded on your experience, and if you should be deceived by one half of the world, you are ready to look for consolation from the other. Your pulse beats high with youth and health, and you have painted woman, as lovely as Milton's Eve. But remember our favourite bard described our mother, as she was before the fall. She had never been contaminated by high life. She was the disciple of nature. Women now learn their lessons from art, and their proficiency is the best proof of our loss of Paradise.

\*\*\*\*\* smiled upon you with complacency. She has showed the same face, for these three years, to every new visitant. Stifle your vanity therefore for a moment. A woman of taste and rank is as proud of a splendid levee, as a new-made lord. You are such a kind of being, that your attentions are a compliment to her acquirements, and her praise of you is considered by herself as evidence to the world of her discernment and congeniality. Her flattery to you is therefore only furnishing fresh food to her vanity. She will whistle you off with as much indifference as she whistles to her Canary-bird, and one soft word would be treated as the madness of presumption. Your censures will



then be idle to the world, who will be sooner informed of your disappointment.

\*\*\*\*\* had other views in her friendly deportment. You observed young \*\*\*\*\*, who is as excellent as graceful. You marked his countenance, like an April sky, with successions of gloom and smiles. \*\*\*\*\* observed him too, and has too just a sense of his merit to suffer him to escape from her empire. Their love is mutual, and yet neither has listened to the other's vows. The cowardice of a lover is the measure of his sincerity. What \*\*\*\*\* cannot obtain from her lover's hopes, she intends to compel by his fears. Her kind glances on you excited jealousy, which would have hurried him to despondence, had not tender accents come to his relief. The dread of a rival will smother his fears, and he will be wise soon, lest delay be fatal. You may therefore believe me, \*\*\*\*\*'s kind looks were intended for another, and instead of being flattered at the thoughts of her partiality, you may rail a little at being her *shoeing-horn*.

One languishes, that you may praise her sensibility; another is pert, that you may rank her as a wit. \*\*\*\*\* was eager for a new hearer. She is an orator, and harangues on stale topics, in the style of Johnson. She has not received so much flattery, as in your attention, for a year. The novelty of her character first gained her a little reputation, but the sentiments of our nurses in the language of philosophy grew tedious on repetition. She thanked you for allowing her argument, and your complaisance she construed into victory. But you do not want an orator at your table, nor at a curtain lecture; and perhaps there is little to be hoped from that affection, which is founded on your flattery of a lady's eloquence.

I have thus honestly described to you a few of the charming people, to whom you have been introduced. I know them but little by intercourse or report. But to one, who has run the race I have, and has been so engaged with the crowd, it requires but a moment's observation, to discover their prominent traits, or immediate views. The art of the world is lost on him, who has known and suffered from its finesse. I am only anticipating what you would soon learn, and am willing you should con the lesson, before age will render it useless. I am willing you should profit by my experience, and that you should have another standard to measure mankind, than your honest and feeling heart.



You are ready to exclaim at the hollowness of the world. You are resolving to bid adieu to the throng and polished circle, and seek a golden age in the fields and woods, among clowns and herds. I cannot but laugh at the hurry and inconstancy of the young, who are too impatient for thought, and too warm for system. But let me check you. Hear the whole. You have seen but the dark shades of the picture. The pencil of truth may venture on fairer scenes. They are rare as the flower in deserts. But still they are found, and life has much to boast of to him, "who can walk in these green pastures, and beside these still waters."

You recollect well \*\*\*\*\*. You thought him a man of cold indifference, and construed his taciturnity into ignorance. His awkwardness was in your eye the bashfulness of dulness, and even his dress struck you as the simplicity of insignificance. But let me recommend him to you as a friend and confidant. If he does not pretend enthusiasm, he has an honest and warm heart. He does not talk ostentatiously of intentions, but his professions express his feelings. His tongue is not used to give the lie to his heart. It is the slave, not the flatterer of his soul. If he speaks but rarely, he says much. The voluble are generally as hollow as loud. Their conversation is like a child's spelling-book, full of words, but no sentiments. He speaks like a Spartan; short, but pithy. The forward and garrulous he leaves to prate insignificantly; but with him, "every word is a sentence, and every sentence a discourse." As for his address, it is as honest as his heart, though as plain as his garments. The mere flourish of polished men is the proper drapery of insignificant and unfeeling hearts. The good man is like a good picture: a connoisseur never cares for the frame of either. If his dress is plain, it is only congruous to the simplicity of his character. He makes no pretence to the regard of the world, but on better grounds than the fashion of his wardrobe. A criticism on tailors' patterns he leaves to those, who have no title but taste to plead for their reception in the world. He has higher objects to regard, in the interest of his country, in philosophy, and religion. Take this man to your bosom, and he will render any further advice on your choice of friends unnecessary in me.

In the female world, if you wish a confidant, let me recommend \*\*\* \*\*\*\*\*. She is now above thirty. From her age you may argue her prudence. She has a mind, that compre-



hends every thing. She has a heart, that feels for every one. Her correct taste makes her ever elegant. Her lively fancy renders her always engaging. I knew her once, when all her powers had full play ; when fancy played truant with enthusiasm, and genius was adorning the fairest theories of youth. Sorrow has checked the lively energy of expression, but left her all her emotion. Learning has erased the bright systems of imagination, but has strengthened her powers of invention. With such an acquaintance you cannot but be charmed. But a life of observation will render her as useful as delightful. Go to her with the frankness of affection, and expect from her the tenderness of a seraph, with the instruction of a Sybil.

A young man cannot content himself merely with a female friend. Nature has left a void in the heart, that can only be filled by love. You have too much sensibility and sociability to permit you to be quiet without the sympathy of some sister spirit. Shall I dictate here ? Do not blush nor sigh when I mention \*\*\*\*\*. I saw her last summer at her father's, in one of my rambles, and you mentioned meeting her at our friend's. I was at once delighted and interested, by the simplicity of her character, and the ardour of her feelings. She is pure as the vestal ; she is kind as the Beguine. Learning has improved without elevating her ; for the blush of humility adds a grace to her eloquence, as impressive as expressive. She acts always with independence, and where she errs, it is on the side of virtue. In these times of conformity, I admire her national protestantism. Such a mixture of gentleness and energy is rare as the union of Venus and Minerva. There is in this woman a *je ne sais quoi*, a composition of virtue so finely tempered, and so nicely blended, that when envy wishes her imperfect, she knows not what is wanting. To harmonize intellect and feeling, to repress the wildness of theory, or the extravagance of enthusiasm, she has made religion the directress of life. Think of these things when you think of \*\*\*\*\* , nor let the soft or magic glance of her eye, which will soon grow dim, nor the animation of that form, which time will totter, alone hurry you to rapture. If virtue can bless, she will be herself, and make others happy. In pursuit of her, fear not the frowns of Mentor. She will stimulate to duty, rather than seduce you to indolence, and will delight more in your improvement than your admiration.



I have scribbled this with as much haste as zeal. Let my opinions be credited for the moment. A month will give irrefragable proof of their justice. The world is a great raree-show, in which you find a thousand gilded bawbles for one thing of sterling value. Be discreet, slow, and cautious. You will soon walk with more alacrity and cheerfulness, when you know the pit-falls in your way. A little experience will make you as wise as I am, but I hope without my misfortunes. You will then feel how little you are to expect from a world, whose indifference may be measured by its refinement. You will learn how rare and how estimable are sincere friends, and be convinced that prudence is wisdom, and virtue our only permanent good.

STUDIOSUS.

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FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

### INEBRIATION

"Is a vice, which often stains the characters of men of eminence, and debases genius below the dulness of a brute."

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AMONG the dangerous evils, which the moralist and the statesman have equally to deplore, INEBRIATION may be considered as the most alarming. Fatal alike to reputation and to health, disgusting in its appearances and debasing in its effects, it has nevertheless grown into a custom, that by impending weight may bear down the pillars of our national prosperity.

The frequent presence of its miserable victims has rendered the sight so familiar, that we often pass, without observation, the most abject and miserable condition, in which human nature can be placed. It is not, however, our present purpose to trace the progress of this vice through the lower classes of society; causes natural at least, if not satisfactory, may be assigned for the prevalence of a practice, which here requires some strength of mind and some fortitude to withstand. But when genius and worth, when talents and virtue, when a heart warmed with sympathy and glowing with benevolence, and a mind rich in every sentiment, which constitutes excellence, falls a miserable victim of deadly inebriation, where shall we look for a cause adequate to the effect? To what corrupted principle of nature shall be ascribed this melancholy degradation, this



contravention of Heaven's design, this subjugation of man's noblest powers, this perversion of his morals, destruction of his health, annihilation of his reason?

To answer these questions, we should examine what there is in the nature of genius, talents, and sensibility, that men possessed of their proud prerogatives are found so often yielding to a miserable vice in common with those, who have no more mind than feeling, and no other feeling, than what is produced by the lash.

Genius revolves in a different orbit, it moves in dissimilar directions from the common bodies, that surround it. A man of genius is often characterized by strong passions disdainful of dominion, and by ardent feelings impatient of restraint. He has generally a little world formed in his own imagination, which he is desirous of governing by himself. Commonly attended by an ardent ambition, which disdains mediocrity, and pants for distinction, he is frequently met by the folly of the world with a force, which he is unprepared to withstand; an indifference is exhibited towards him more cruel than the warmest opposition; and while he is preparing to ride on the whirlwinds of contention, he remains neglected, unnoticed and unknown.

Thus too the man of feeling and benevolence; the chords of his heart, that would vibrate sweetest melody if touched with care, produce the harshest discord when jarred by an unskilful hand. Imaginary distress sometimes becomes real, if he offers to assist; his proffered aid is treated with contemptuous indifference. Disappointments sour the mind. Misanthropy like a frost about the heart checks those pulsations, which were once in unison with the pains or pleasures of its friends.

To these characters INEBRIATION is sometimes a wished for opiate; a drug, which lulls in sweet oblivion the painful feelings of every disappointment. It becomes the last refuge of distress; it drowns recollection; and while the wisest resort to it to deprive conscience of its sting, the man, who faints under the pressure of repeated disappointments, courts its lethargic influence on his past feelings, and its vivifying power in producing new.

DISAPPOINTMENT then is the cause why we have so often to mourn over genius, benevolence and worth thrown into magnificent ruins by the "foul fiend" INEBRIATION. Yes, some earnest desire defeated, some imaginary or real good destroyed, some scheme of greatness vanished into air, often throws an impenetrable cloud over the future prospects of life. Happiness



is thought to be a visionary shade, which can never be folded in their arms ; disappointment raises feelings too keen to be endured, and as if to show to what debasement humanity will bend, the intoxicating draught is taken and again repeated till every faculty of the soul is paralyzed and deadened.

Is a man anxious for wealth ? His enterprises may not succeed, his exertions may fail ; instead of gaining from defeat, new motives for industry, we often find him despondent and despairing, and confirming his past misfortunes by a ruinous intemperance. Do the amiable virtues of female excellence warm the heart of sensibility ? The affection, which is liberally bestowed, often meets not with any return ; oftentimes dissimilarity of fortune, family or connexions prevents an union, various other causes as frequently interfere, till hope languishes into despair, and despair drinks deep and often of intoxication's spring.

Here have we to mourn the most melancholy effects of this perversion of nature. Youth with all his charms, " his blushing honourst thick upon him," with all the talents, which had raised the fond expectation of friendship, and promised a future harvest of honour large as desire, by a cruel disappointment, sickens at future prospects ; a gloomy despondency hangs upon the mind, he drowns his feelings in spirituous poison, and wears out a miserable existence, encumbered with all the diseases to which intoxication gives rise.

Can we observe the wretched beings without a sigh ? Can we behold them without pity, and even while we censure their want of fortitude, we must commiserate their distress.

The melancholy instances of confirmed *inebriation*, which come within our knowledge and are known to proceed from *disappointment*, should teach us to guard our feelings, to restrain those emotions, which concentrate our ideas of happiness to a single point. It should teach us to bear the little ills of life with firmness, and be armed with fortitude for greater evils. It should lead us in difficulty to seek for consolation from that religion, which has a balm for every wound, and treats the sufferer with a delicate tenderness which no art can equal ; that speaks in the mild voice of affection, "*Come, ye weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*"

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MEMOIRS  
OF  
*WILLIAM COLLINS;*

WITH OBSERVATIONS ON HIS GENIUS AND WRITINGS.

(Concluded from page 208.)

THE MANNERS. AN ODE.

FROM the subject and sentiments of this ode, it seems not improbable, that the author wrote it about the time, when he left the university ; when weary with the pursuit of academical studies, he no longer confined himself to the search of theoretical knowledge, but commenced the *scholar of humanity*, to study nature in her works, and man in society.

The following farewell to science exhibits a very just, as well as striking picture ; for however exalted in theory the platonic doctrines may appear, it is certain that *Platonism* and *Pyrrhonism* are nearly allied :

“ Farewel the porch, whose roof is seen  
Arch’d with th’ enlivening olive’s green ;  
Where Science, prank’d in tissued vest,  
By Reason, Pride, and Fancy drest,  
Comes like a bride, so trim array’d,  
To wed with Doubt in Plato’s shade !”

When the mind goes in pursuit of visionary systems, it is not far from the regions of doubt ; and the greater its capacity to think abstractedly, to reason and refine, the more it will be exposed to and bewildered in uncertainty.—From an enthusiastic warmth of temper, indeed, we may for a while be encouraged to persist in some favourite doctrine, or to adhere to some adopted system ; but when that enthusiasm, which is founded on the vivacity of the passions, gradually cools and dies away with them, the opinions it supported drop from us, and we are thrown upon the inhospitable shore of doubt.—A striking proof of the necessity of some moral rule of wisdom and virtue, and some system of happiness established by unerring knowledge and unlimited power.

In the poet’s address to Humour in this ode, there is one image of singular beauty and propriety. The ornaments in the Vol. I. No. 6.



hair of *Wit* are of such a nature, and disposed in such a manner, as to be perfectly symbolical and characteristic :

“ Me too amidst thy band admit,  
There, where the young-ey’d healthful Wit,  
(Whose jewels in his crisped hair  
Are plac’d each other’s beams to share,  
Whom no delights from thee divide)  
In laughter loos’d attends thy side.”

Nothing could be more expressive of wit, which consists in a happy collision of comparative and relative images, than this reciprocal reflection of light from the disposition of the jewels.

“ O Humour, thou whose name is known  
To Britain’s favour’d isle alone !”

The author could only mean to apply this to the time, when he wrote, since other nations had produced works of great humour, as he himself acknowledges afterwards.

“ By old Miletus, &c.  
By all you taught the Tuscan maids, &c.”

The Milesian and Tuscan romances were by no means distinguished for humour, but as they were the models of that species of writing, in which humour was afterwards employed, they are, probably for that reason only, mentioned here.

### THE PASSIONS ;

#### AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

IF the music, which was composed for this ode, had equal merit with the ode itself, it must have been the most excellent performance of the kind, in which poetry and music have, in modern times, united. Other pieces of the same nature have derived their greatest reputation from the perfection of the music that accompanied them, having in themselves little more merit, than that of an ordinary ballad : but in this we have the whole soul and power of poetry—Expression that, even without the aid of music, strikes to the heart ; and imagery of power enough to transport the attention without the forceful alliance of corresponding sounds ! what, then, must have been the effect of these united !

It is very observable, that though the measure is the same, in which the musical efforts of fear, anger and despair are describ-



ed, yet by the variation of the cadence, the character and operation of each is strongly expressed: thus particularly of Despair:

With woful measures wan Despair——  
 Low fullen sounds his grief beguil'd,  
 A solemn, strange and mingled air,  
 'Twas sad by fits; by starts 'twas wild.

He must be a very unskilful composer, who could not catch the power of imitative harmony from these lines!

The picture of Hope, that follows this, is beautiful beyond imitation. By the united powers of imagery and harmony, that delightful being is exhibited with all the charms and graces, that pleasure and fancy have appropriated to her:

“Relegat, qui semel perecurrit;  
 Qui nunquam legit, legat.”

“But thou, O Hope, whose eyes so fair,  
 What was thy delighted measure?  
 Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,  
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!  
 Still would her touch the strain prolong,  
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,  
 She call'd on echo still thro' all the song;  
 And where her sweetest theme she chose,  
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,  
 And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.”

In what an exalted light does the above stanza place this great master of poetical imagery and harmony! what varied sweetness of numbers! what delicacy of judgment and expression! how characteristically does Hope prolong her strain, repeat her soothing closes, call upon her associate Echo for the same purposes, and display every pleasing grace peculiar to her.

“And hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.”

“Legat, qui nunquam legit;  
 Qui semel perecurrit, relegat.”

The descriptions of joy, jealousy and revenge are excellent, though not equally so; those of melancholy and cheerfulness are superior to every thing of the kind; and upon the whole, there may be very little hazard in asserting, that this is the finest ode in the English language.



## AN EPISTLE

TO SIR THOMAS HANMER, ON HIS EDITION OF SHAKESPEAR'S  
WORKS.

THIS poem was written by our author at the university, about the time when Sir Thomas Hanmer's pompous edition of Shakespear was printed at Oxford. If it has not so much merit as the rest of his poems, it has still more than the subject deserves. The versification is easy and genteel, and the allusions, always poetical. The character of the poet Fletcher in particular is very justly drawn in this epistle.

## DIRGE

IN CYMBELINE.

\* \* \* \* \*

ODE ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

MR. COLLINS had *skill to complain*. Of that mournful melody and those tender images, which are the distinguishing excellencies of such pieces as bewail departed friendship, or beauty, he was an almost unequalled master. He knew perfectly to exhibit such circumstances, peculiar to the objects, as awaken the influences of pity, and while, from his own great sensibility, he felt what he wrote, he naturally addressed himself to the feelings of others.

To read such lines as the following, all beautiful and tender as they are, without corresponding emotions of pity, is surely impossible.

"The tender thought on thee shall dwell,  
Each lonely scene shall thee restore,  
For thee the tear be duly shed;  
Belov'd, till life can charm no more;  
And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead."

The ode on the death of Thomson seems to have been written in an excursion to Richmond by water. The rural scenery has a proper effect in an ode to the memory of a poet, much of whose merit lay in descriptions of the same kind; and the appellations of "Druid" and "meek nature's child" are happily characteristic. For the better understanding of this ode, it is necessary to remember, that Mr. Thomson lies buried in the church of Richmond.

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## MEMOIR OF MRS. INCHBALD.

(Continued from page 224.)

OUR adventurer arose at her usual hour ; but having no bell, nor any means in the height, where she slept, for informing the family, that she was up ; and they sagaciously concluding, that ladies, who go to bed at two in the morning, are in no haste to rise, she was left to ruminate on her situation till noon. She could not refrain from deploring her condition : and yet she was more inclined to perform her first intentions, than to return home and suffer the reproach of indiscretion with the still farther mortification of not having gratified that curiosity, which had led her into a situation at once so extraordinary and disagreeable.—The hostess, at length, released her fair prisoner, and told her, that the York coach would set out again, that evening. This information was delivered with an air of severity, and as if she suspected, that her lodger had no wish for becoming a passenger. Miss Simpson, not having courage to justify that suspicion, laid down her whole stock of money, to the last half crown, for the purpose of securing a place in the coach, that she never intended to enter. This, however, satisfied the landlady, who desired her to walk down to breakfast ; but she excused herself by pretending, that she was in haste to call on a relation in another part of the town, and inform *her*, that she had not been able to leave London, on the preceding evening. By this evasion she saved the expense of a breakfast, and retained the means of securing another night's lodging at an unsuspected house.—On her returning here, she told the hostess, that her relation had requested her to remain in town a few days longer ; and by this artifice secured her wretched apartment ; and while she daily took a walk merely to purchase what her small finances could afford, this family supposed her to be feasting with her relations. She was now in absolute distress : indeed, two half-penny rolls, with water from the bottle in her chamber, were all, that she subsisted on, during the last ten days of her residence at the inn.



In one of her daily rambles, among the many, whom her appearance attracted, was the then admired Mr. R——, of Drury-lane Theatre, who, not to be repulsed by difficulties, employed every art to obtain repeated interviews, to learn the nature of her situation, and to offer such plausible advice, as might render his real views unsuspected. He at length succeeded to her confidence; and the stage was pointed out to her, as the most probable scheme of support. It had also the advantage of being extremely well adapted for the gratification of one, whose sole motive for relinquishing her home was to see the world. But an acquaintance thus formed with a man of intrigue, was not long to continue: our heroine soon discovered Mr. R——'s real views, and, positively rejecting them, was once more left destitute; but not of every prospect she had formed of a livelihood from the stage: for this performer had assured her, that the impediment in her speech was no insurmountable obstacle to her arriving to a certain situation in a theatre, as particular attention, and a frequent repetition of the parts, would enable her to repeat them before an audience, so as to obtain, with the advantage of so charming and amiable a person, a respectable, if not a brilliant department in the *dramatis personæ*. In an aspiring and persevering mind, hope is soon converted into resolution, not to be baffled by petty disappointments, nor to be conquered by the intrusion of apparent impossibilities; and such was the mind of Miss Simpson. Left once more to provide for herself, she had no sooner discarded her libertine admirer, than she determined to profit by his plan, however doubtful she might be of the sincerity of him, who proposed it.—As a total stranger, without recommendation, and with a defect in her speech, that must have struck every one, on first hearing her, as an invincible bar to all public speaking, she immediately applied to Mr. King of Drury-lane Theatre, then manager of the Bristol House during the summer. His surprise, and the replies she made to his interrogations, have furnished so many Green-room anecdotes, that, however whimsical and entertaining each of them may be, we are here obliged to decline them, lest we risk our veracity by adopting those, which are fictitious: suffice it to say, that this was, perhaps, one of the most comic scenes Mr. King was ever engaged in; and notwithstanding all



impediments, after having rehearsed with her a short time, he did not wholly discourage her idea of being an actress; but declined giving her any engagement.

Disappointed in this application, she consulted the playbills; she remembered the name of Mr. Inchbald, who was then of Drury-lane Theatre, having seen him perform several seasons together, at Bury St. Edmund's, the town near the village from whence she came. With this gentleman she had not the least acquaintance, but she felt a confidence in him, which his having been frequently in that neighbourhood had alone inspired. The most remote tie was now a near one, while it had any reference to a place she was at this time brought to reflect upon with the most tender regret, having at length seen something of the world, and doubtless convinced of the happiness of home. To Mr. Inchbald she resolved to apply for advice respecting an engagement at some theatre. Mr. Inchbald, at that time a man of noted gallantry and intrigue, was struck with her beauty, but, just then attached to the wife of Col. —, and engaged in other adventures, he was not tempted to the seduction of that innocence, which now sought his friendship; but introduced our heroine to Mr. D—, of Drury-lane House, who had purchased a share in a country theatre, to which he was going as acting manager.

At the first sight of Miss Simpson, D— hesitated not a moment, but without any trial, immediately engaged her as his pupil; gave her many parts to study, in spite of the impediments in her speech, which he promised to render articulate; and he became her instructor.—She was now supplied with every convenience, in the prospect, as she supposed, of future services as an actress, and began to think the world growing kind, when one evening having been reciting a part to her new master, a most violent quarrel arose, which, from a reserved behaviour on her part, drew him at last coolly, but *firmly*, to tell her, that he meant to be repaid for the engagement he had assigned her as an actress, with other services than those required for the theatre; and, that with such an acquiescence, he was willing to hold the agreement, but on no other terms. The tea-equipage happened then to be on the table, and our heroine, not so happily blessed, as most women are, with the powers of loquaci-



ty, replied to this speech by proxy : the comedian soon felt the effects of a basin of scalding water on his face and bosom ; and before he had time to recover from his surprise and the immediate sensation of pain, his pupil had flown down stairs, and was gone forever.

The momentary revenge imparted a gleam of transport, as she quitted D——'s house ; but by the time she had reached her own, her mind was clouded by dismal reflections, and her heart torn with bitter anguish. She found herself deceived, insulted, friendless, and forlorn. In this unhappy state, she flew to Mr. Inchbald ; to him she revealed her sorrows, and recounted every circumstance that had happened, not omitting the basin of water. " But why did you so, my dear ?" he cried. " Because I could not speak ; if I had not stuttered, I would have said such things—but I could not speak, and therefore I was obliged to do something, or perhaps he would not have known I had been angry ; but I believe he now thinks I am." Here a flood of tears relieved her, and she repeatedly exclaimed, " What shall I do ? what will become of me ?" Mr. Inchbald, affected by her sorrow, endeavoured to soothe it, by mentioning other projects of introduction ; but she solemnly declined all further thoughts of the stage, and requested he would propose something less humiliating, than attendance on managers. " My dear," said Mr. Inchbald, " I know of nothing—no situation where you can be secure, except in marriage."—" Yes, Sir, but who would marry me ?"—" I would," replied he with warmth ; " but perhaps you would not have me."—" Yes, Sir, and would forever think myself obliged to you."—" And will you," he asked, " love me ?" Here she hesitated ; but he, trusting a sentiment of that kind would easily be inspired by tenderness and affection, and becoming, at that time, weary of a dissipated life, urged the question no further, nor suffered any subsequent reflection to frustrate the design he had, that instant, conceived, and in a few days they were married.

Then, in an unexpected moment, and in an unexpected manner, our heroine became both a wife and an actress. Mr. Inchbald introduced her on the stage in Scotland, where they remained four years, and the two succeeding years they passed at York. Respecting Mrs. Inchbald's theatrical career, there is



little to relate. Her defects, as an actress, were generally forgiven in respect to her personal attraction; and by a most amiable private character she acquired the esteem of some of the first people in those places, where she chanced to have a temporary residence.

That she well merited this esteem is particularly evident from a circumstance, which we are now about to notice. From the day of her marriage, Mr. Inchbald constantly evinced the most perfect and even romantic attachment, love and fidelity; yet was he never able to realize the hope he had fondly indulged of some time converting into an affection, equally ardent with his own, that indifference, which, while single, our heroine repeatedly confessed she entertained for him, and always, when urged, possessed too little deception not to acknowledge. But a heart, like hers, could not remain insensible to the influence of that power, which, sooner or later, it is said, every mortal must obey; and she must have possessed a very high, and therefore a very proper sense of duty, obligation, and gratitude, to resist the attacks of a passion, which for some time had wounded her peace. Feelingly alive to every duty of a wife, unshaken in the principles of virtue and obedience, she opposed all the arts of seduction, though exerted by one peculiarly formed to inspire the passion, which till that period had been a stranger to her bosom; one, who, to high birth and an elegant person, added those accomplishments, which rarely fail to make strong impressions on the female mind. Reason seldom triumphs over the struggles of youthful passion without a sacrifice of health; and this our heroine experienced in a very extensive degree. The situation of her heart she found equally alarming. This was the crisis of her fate: and in this important moment she acted like a heroine indeed! She seized the desperate, though, perhaps, the only laudable expedient left her: Sincerity suggested the idea, and confidence in her husband's most tender love, gave her power to execute it. She confessed to him the violation, which her mind had sustained; begged his pity and forgiveness; and proposed to go with him to whatever place he should prefer, in order to escape a further injury of her principles, for which, she candidly confessed, she could be no longer

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answerable. Her health, by this time, was so much impaired, that the physicians in Scotland had advised a tour to the south of France, as the only means of recovery. This advice was now adopted. The re-establishment of her health may, in some measure, be attributed to her distance from him, by whom her peace had been invaded; but more especially to the tenderness of a man, who, struck with the generosity of her sentiments, and lamenting the languishing and declining state, to which she was reduced, repaid that generosity, and became, instead of a jealous husband, the faithful confidant, the careful adviser, the affectionate comforter; who not only pitied her weakness, but alleged every thing in her favour that could possibly extenuate it, and reconcile her to herself. He even urged the disparity of their years; he assured her of his perfect forgiveness; and comforted her with the hope, that absence would effectually eradicate those fatal impressions, which had proved so injurious to her health and her peace. Nor was the hope vain: our heroine conquered those impressions, and recovered her tranquillity.

After staying abroad about a year, Mr. and Mrs. Inchbald returned to England, from whence they had been absent near five years. They constantly avoided the gentleman who had nearly proved fatal to their happiness, and continued to live in the most perfect harmony near two years, when Mr. Inchbald's death gave our heroine a new occasion of testifying how much she had "ever thought herself obliged to him," by an unaffected concern for his memory, and by a firm regard to a strict vow which she had taken, never again to behold the man, who had once designed the ruin of her peace, and the injury of her husband.

Once more left to herself, her former wishes and her former curiosity returned; and, notwithstanding all the difficulties she had heretofore encountered, she again resolved "to see a little more of the world," and again turned her attention to London; and though upon her arrival, she immediately obtained a situation in one of the theatres, she, for four long years, experienced little more than poverty, aggravated by persecution. For some trifling inattention, or a rejection of some peculiar ar-



ticle required by the manager, but repugnant to her feelings, she was one winter expelled the theatre, and obliged to take refuge, under some hard terms, in Ireland.

Thus oppressed and unhappy, and living in the most retired manner, our heroine, probably to divert the mind from a too frequent recollection of these circumstances, directed her attention to dramatic composition, in which she has so happily succeeded, that, whatever cause induced her to "woo the muse," the public have reason to rejoice in the effect.

It was in the fourth year of Mrs. Inchbald's engagement at Covent-Garden Theatre, that the *Mogul Tale* was sent to Mr. Colman. This was the first piece which she brought upon the stage; though the comedy of *I'll tell you what*, was written near three years before, and had lain all that time unread, in Mr. Colman's possession. Appearing in a female hand, and sent by an anonymous author, that gentleman probably concluded it unworthy of his perusal. The *Mogul Tale* was sent in the same manner; its brevity seems to have been its recommendation for speedy attention; and its success induced Mrs. Inchbald to remind the manager of her comedy: his reply was, "I'll go home and read it."—He read; he approved; and in the following summer the town was delighted with the popular piece, to which Mr. Colman gave the name of "*I'll tell you what*."

Success, they say, makes people vain; but Mrs. Inchbald's success seems to have had no other effect, than that of stimulating her to new exertions: and she moves in the dramatic hemisphere with the rapidity and the brilliancy of those fascinating fires, "that charm, but hurt not." The comedy of *I'll tell you what*, has been succeeded by *Appearance is against them*; *The Widow's Vow*; *Such things are*; the *Midnight Hour*, &c. &c. It is needless to descant on the merits of compositions so well known to the public, and from which they will yet derive much profitable pleasure; for it is the almost exclusive property of all Mrs. Inchbald's dramatic productions, that their merits rank them in the list of what are called "stock plays:" plays which are likely to amuse succeeding generations. To these works of genius we may also add several novels, the superior excellence of which over most of such productions, has added fresh laurels to her fame.



The comedy of *I'll tell you what*, was written at the age of twenty four, and the remainder of the pieces at periods of life so remarkably early, that we are naturally reminded of the praise bestowed by Dr. Johnson, on one of the poets; "When it is remembered," he says, "that this author produced these four plays before he had passed his twenty-fifth year; before other men, even such as are, some time, to shine in eminence, have passed their probation of literature, or presume for any other notice than such as is bestowed on diligence and inquiry; I doubt whether any one can be produced, that more surpassed the common limits of nature than he."—The appropriation to Mrs. Inchbald of this striking sentence, and we think that appropriation but mere justice, redounds more to her honour, than any praise immediately directed to herself. And were we even to divest her writings of all that popularity and fashion, which have so fortunately attended them, still it must be acknowledged, and her works evidently prove, that she has more than accomplished the desire which first led her from home: she has not only "seen the world," but largely contributed to its entertainment and instruction.

We cannot conclude, without observing, that the heroine of these memoirs continues, as far as the business of the theatre will permit, to live much retired; her friends are few, and selected. To strangers, indeed, her deportment is by no means conciliating; and she seems very cautious in adding to the list of her acquaintance. Asperity, or ill-will in others, she never endeavours to soothe by gentleness; ridicule and pointed satire are the weapons, with which she retaliates, and sometimes renders "false friends" implacable enemies. But her attachments being once formed, her friendship is unreserved, sincere and constant; and though her heart and her purse are ever open to the complaints and the wants of the unfortunate, yet amongst the first of her virtues, is that of a refined delicacy to avoid making connexions, which might lay her under a necessity of receiving obligations: laudably preferring to every other mode of acquisition the emoluments arising from the exertions of that genius, which is calculated to delight and to instruct mankind.

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## FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

THE following Romance is from the *Latin original* of J. BARCLAY, who, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, was accounted one of the most eminent poets and miscellaneous writers in France. The translator, after diligent and repeated inquiries, has not yet learned, that it has ever before appeared in the English language. He confidently hopes, that they, who can be pleased by prospects of human nature in the luminous scenes of fiction, without strictly referring to the manners and sentiments of the present day, will here find much valuable amusement. That he may escape the imputation of arrogance, or vanity, in recommending a work, which has been so long neglected, he would direct the reader to the remarks of a late and venerated author. "I lately," says Cowper in a letter to one of his learned friends, "finished the perusal of a book, which in former years I have more than once attacked, but never till now conquered ; some other book always interfered, before I could finish it. The work I mean is Barclay's *Argenis*, and if ever you allow yourself to read for mere amusement, I can recommend it to you (provided you have not already perused it) as the most amusing romance that ever was written. It is the only one indeed of an old date that I ever had the patience to go through with. It is interesting in a high degree ; richer in incident than can be imagined, full of surprises, which the reader never forestalls, and yet free from all entanglement and confusion."

## ARGENIS:

## A MORAL AND POLITICAL ROMANCE.

## BOOK I.

BEFORE Rome had gained the reverence of the world, ere the Tyber had become sovereign of the ocean, at the coast of Sicily, where the seas embosom the Gela, a foreign ship disembarked a young man of majestic form and demeanour. While ser-



vants, aided by sailors, were conveying to the shore the horses and military habiliments of their master ; he, unaccustomed to failing, had reclined on the beach, and by a deep sleep sought to compose his head, which still repeated the giddy motions of the water.

He had not remained long in rest, before his imagination was affrighted by a loud shriek, which, presently advancing, dissipated his oblivious repose with horror. In sight was a thin, but extensive forest, in which, under the obscurity of shrubs and brambles, numerous hillocks had been raised, that seemingly discovered some insidious design. Hence a woman suddenly rushed into the plain : her visage was yet eminently beautiful ; though her eyes were reddened with weeping, and her long, dishevelled hair, waving in the wind, gave her a terrific appearance. Her horse, though prompted both with blows and her shrieking, which was scarcely more gentle than that of a Theban fury, could not gain sufficient speed in his flight. The regard, due to her sex, and the vehemence of her exclamations at once excited in the mind of the young man, something more, than a desire to favour the distressed ; this incident occurring at his first arrival in this island, he likewise viewed as a significant omen.

When her speech became intelligible, she thus boldly addressed him : “ If your heart glows with valiant ardour, whoever you be, come forth the defender of Sicily, whose bravest hero is now surrounded by lawless villains. The instant danger does not allow me a long supplication ; nor can I easily suffer your denial of assistance to Poliarchus, whom, not far hence, a fierce troop of banditti have unexpectedly assaulted. Amid their tumult I fled, and have first found you, opportunely perhaps both for his safety and your own glory. Them also,” she continues, pointing at her attendants, who had just come up, “ either by command, or persuasion, call forth to deeds of conspicuous fidelity.” While she uttered this address with frantic attitudes and interrupting sighs, he gave a heedful look to his sword and helmet ; and having ordered for preparation, he thus replied : “ I, O lady, have lately come as a stranger into Sicily. I must confess, that even the name of Poliarchus has to me been hitherto unknown. But I will attribute the benefit to auspicious



fortune, if she may have designed, that so brave a man, as you mention, shall be relieved by my arrival." He then sprang upon his horse, and requested her to conduct him. He had two servants only, one of whom armed himself and followed; while the other remained at the shore to guard the baggage, which could not be safely deposited, previously to this hasty expedition.

They had now reached the border of the forest; the avenue of which, by separating into various paths, confused her remembrance. Her uncertainty of the way, that led to Poliarchus, soon caused her to despair of his safety; and she again gave a free utterance to her distress. The stranger, dismayed by her immoderate grief, deliberated whether to go forward, or to continue in that station. But a tumult in the forest with shouts, the clashing of arms and the trampling of horses, quickly drew his attention to more immediate dangers. Instantly three men in armour advanced, who, with drawn swords, rode in eager swiftness, and who by their looks indicated either courage for a fearful adventure, or the dread of an impendent disaster. He apprehended some ensnaring plot; and, as unforeseen events are often attended with needless alarms, he fancied, that the lady might be guilty of intended deception. He inquired whether these were the men, whom she wished him to encounter; at the same time, grasping his spear, which no one could more skilfully wield, and resolving not to fall unrevenged, he prepared for an onset. But flight was their only purpose; and in various paths they were hastening to escape their conqueror. Poliarchus, for whom the lady had suffered such poignant anxiety, alone pursued these fugitives, and overtaking the hindmost, divided him through the length of his body by a single blow of his sword. With more spirit he then aimed at the others; but his horse, in stumbling on a hillock, threw him swiftly to the ground.

The lady, for she had recognized him, flew to his assistance. But he, neither hurt by the fall, nor weakened by the few wounds, which he had received, arose without delay and seized his sword. When Timoclea, for this was the name of the lady, had informed him, that she had by chance found a stranger,



who had willingly followed her to aid him, he immediately turns to express his gratitude for such a benevolent intention. But the stranger had previously dismounted, and first spoke to Poliarchus. "If the gods, most valiant man," said he, "had permitted me before now to have witnessed your bravery, I should have blamed the tears of this lady, who has brought me to a situation, wherein I ought to ask your pardon for my wishing to aid so great a hero. I was amazed on first seeing you drive with such impetuosity three men in armour; but my wonder soon abated, when that strength, with which you sacrificed one of them to your revenge, explained to me the reasonableness of that terror, which accelerated their flight." Poliarchus, nevertheless, very politely thanked him for his intended assistance, and told him, that their retreating must not be attributed to his valour, but to the cowardice of the robbers.

At length they heartily embraced; and when their mutual salutations were finished, each silently considered not only what he should say, but to whom he might speak. The form of the one now met the eyes of the other; they both stood fixed in contemplation, and each gazed, in his turn, with wonder and delight. Each, indeed, had the same appearance with the other in age, in form, in dress, in the vivid light of his eyes, and in the majesty of his whole countenance. To this elegance of mien and gentility of deportment, fortitude must have been an extraordinary gift. Timoclea fervently blessed the accident, which had brought to a friendly interview two such accomplished heroes. She likewise made a vow to place in the temple of Erycina, if they might be willing, a picture wherein each of their faces should be delineated by a painter of the utmost skill and fidelity. Various misfortunes, however, delayed the performance; but, at last, the picture appeared, at the bottom of which these lines were inscribed:

Thou, who here, in rapture gazing,  
View'st the work of every grace,  
In the light of beauty blazing,  
Fairly pictur'd on each face;



Thou, who, in like charms excelling,  
Now behold'st their powers array'd ;  
Think, how weak is their compelling,  
In this idle state display'd !

Ne'er is Phœbus more endearing,—  
Ne'er his glories brightly shine,  
Till on rapid chariot steering  
He dispays his power divine.

Lovliest, while the storm dispelling,  
Fair Æbalia's gods appear ;  
Sailors, then on surges swelling,  
Fervently their might revere.—

See, how beauty's power delighting,  
Here inactive, quickly dies ;—  
Valour, every charm bedighting,  
All its life and force supplies.

*(To be continued.)*

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[*Selected.*]

ANODYNE FOR THE SPLEEN.

AN old writer, remarkable both by the wisdom of his thoughts and the oddity of their expression, observes, that the way to prevent this distemper, and to cure it when it lies in the mind, is *not to be over-expecting*. If we take it amiss, that our acquaintances are not always ready to solicit our business, to study our inclinations, and to compliment our humour, we are likely to have work enough. To look for so obliging a world, as this comes to, is to miscalculate extremely. When all is done, most people will love themselves best. Therefore, we should not be surpris'd, when we see them prefer their own interest, break a jest at our cost, or raise themselves by our depression. It is possible they may only make reprisals, and return our own usage upon us,

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L L



However, it is good not to build too much upon the fairness of others. More especially ;—those, who would be easy, must not be nice in trivial matters, nor insist on punctualities in behaviour, nor be afflicted at the omission of a little ceremony. All people do not love to be tied down to forms, nor to walk in trammels. If a man values regard, he needs not ask the company ; he may give it himself, if he pleases. These disputes commonly disorder none but weak and fantastic minds, who have taken a surfeit of prosperity ; and since God has sent them no crosses, they are resolved to make some out of their own indiscretion. He, that would live at ease, should always put the best construction on business and conversation. He should not always suppose, that there was malice, or contempt, meant him in every action he does not understand. To interpret up to this rigour will make him always upon the fret, which is the way to be neither just to ourselves, nor kind to others.

#### DESPAIR.

DESPAIR, as it respects the business and events of life, is an uneasy and impolitic passion. It antedates a misfortune, and *torments a man before his time*. It spreads a gloominess upon the soul, and makes her live in a dungeon beyond the notion of pre-existence. It preys upon the vitals, like the vulture of Prometheus, and eats out the heart of all other satisfactions. It cramps the powers of nature, cuts the sinews of enterprise, and gives being to many cross accidents, which otherwise would never happen. To believe a business impossible is the way to make it so. How many feasible projects have miscarried by despondency, and been strangled in the birth by a cowardly imagination ! Beside, despair makes a despicable figure, and descends from a mean original. It is the offspring of fear, of laziness and impatience. It argues a defect of spirits and resolution ; and often-times of honesty too.—“ Such an expectation,” says a timid adventurer, “ will never come to pass ; therefore I will give it up and go and fret myself.”—How do you know that ?—Can you see the utmost limits of nature, and are you acquainted with all the powers in being ? Is it so easy to pronounce on all the alterations of time and accident, and to foretell how strangely the balance of force and inclination may be



turned ?—While the object of my endeavour is fair and defensible, I would not quit my hold, as long as it is within the reach of Omnipotence. I would not despair, unless I knew the irrevocable decree was past ; unless I saw my misfortune recorded in the book of fate, and signed and sealed by necessity.

## HOPE.

WHILE there is life, there may be hope ; and if so, it is prudence not to desert it. Hope is a vigorous principle. It is furnished with light and heat to advise and execute. It sets the head and the heart on work, and animates a man to do his utmost. Thus by perpetual pushing and assurance it puts a difficulty out of countenance, and makes a seeming impossibility give way. At the worst, if the success happens to fail, it is clear gain, as long as it lasts. It keeps the mind easy and expecting ; and fences off anxiety and spleen. It is sometimes so sprightly and rewarding a quality, that the pleasure of expectation exceeds that of fruition. It refines the richness, and paints beyond the life. When the reality is thus outlined by the imagination, success is a kind of disappointment ; and TO HOPE IS BETTER THAN TO HAVE. Beside, hope has a creditable complexion : it throws a generous contempt on ill usage, and looks like a handsome defiance of a misfortune ;—as if one were to say—“ You are somewhat troublesome now ; but I shall conquer you afterwards.”—Thus a man makes an honourable *exit*, if he does nothing farther. His heart beats against the enemy, when he is just expiring, and discharges the last *pulse* in the face of death.

## CONVERSATION WITH FRIENDS.

FRIENDSHIP is not only serviceable in heightening our pleasures and composing our passions ; but it is likewise of sovereign use to the understanding. The benefit of conversation, if there was nothing else in it, would be no inconsiderable improvement. Discourse, without enthusiasm, creates a light within us, and dispels the gloom and confusion of the mind. A man, by tumbling his thoughts and forming them into expressions, gives them a new kind of fermentation ; which works them into a finer body, and makes them much clearer, than they were before. A man is willing to strain a little for entertainment, and to *burnish* for *sight* and approbation. The very presence of a friend



seems to inspire with new vigour. It raises fancy and reinforces reason; and gives the productions of the mind greater force and proportion. Conversation is like the discipline of *drawing out*, and mustering; it acquaints a man with his *forces*, and makes them fitter for service. Beside, there are many awakening hints and rencounters in discourse; which, like the collision of hard bodies, makes the soul strike fire, and the imagination sparkle: effects not to be expected from a solitary endeavour. In short, the advantage of conversation is such, that for want of company a man had better talk to a post, than let his thoughts lie smothering and smothering in his head.

AS a fit epilogue to this series of desultory subjects, this epistle is introduced. It is from a person\* more eminent however at the bench of justice, than favoured in the court of the muses.

#### TO A LADY THAT LOVED DANCING.

MAY I presume in humble lays,  
 My *dancing* fair, thy steps to praise?  
 While this grand maxim I advance,  
 That all the world is but a *dance*;  
 That human kind, both man and woman,  
 Do *dance*, is evident and common;  
 David himself, that godlike king,  
 We know, could *dance*, as well as sing:  
 Folks, who at court would keep their ground,  
 Must *dance*, the year, attendance round:  
 Whole nations *dance*; gay frisking France  
 Has led the nation many a *dance*;  
 And some believe both France and Spain  
 Resolve to take us out again.  
 All nature is *one ball* we find;  
 The water *dances* to the wind;  
 The sea itself, at night and noon,  
 Rises and *capers* to the moon;  
 The moon around the earth does tread  
 A Cheshire round, in buxom red.  
 The earth and planets round the sun  
*Dance*; nor will their *dance* be done,  
 'Till nature in one mass is blended;  
 Then we may say, the *ball is ended*.

\* Judge Burnet. Vid. Ann. Reg. 1777.



FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

*Remarks on the erroneous Opinion of Students, respecting  
Genius and Application.*

MR. PERSE,

I AM happy to find two or three of your correspondents exposing the very erroneous notions, which often prevail in juvenile minds, on the subject of genius. To represent it, as incompatible with diligent application, but especially to commend it, as a laudable faculty, even when associated with habitual sloth, is in effect to encourage indolence, and to discountenance literary industry.

A son of Yale College, who lately attended an exhibition at Cambridge, was surprised to hear the trite, yet indiscriminate praises of genius, and satires upon dulness, uttered by the most considerable performers. They appeared to him rather like the efforts of real dulness to cover its own defects, than the sober effusions of a well improved mind.

President Dwight, he remarked, on commencing his office at the university of New-Haven, found the same propensity in his pupils; but he immediately restrained it, as both erroneous in itself, and as injurious in its effects on the industry of the students.

The same absurd notions are ingeniously exposed by the Rev. Dr. Smith, President of Princeton College in New-Jersey, in a discourse on industry, delivered to the students of that seminary. By an appeal to the lives of those, who have made the greatest literary improvements, both in ancient and modern times, he shows, that they have been indebted for all, that is great and eminent, to laborious and habitual application.

From this fact he takes occasion to warn the students against those popular, yet ridiculous opinions, which represent close study, as incompatible with genius, and which consider dissipation, as a sure token of eminent powers.

On this subject his remarks are truly eloquent, as well as just. Proceeding from one of such acknowledged eminence in the literary world, from one, whom all allow to possess an exalted genius, they may well claim the attention of every youthful mind.\*

\* This discourse may be found in his volume of excellent sermons, published a few years since.



It is to be sincerely hoped, that the time is not far distant, when Cambridge will gain equally correct notions on this subject with her sister universities; and that we may soon hear orations and poems, which are indebted for none of their applause among the students to high sounding rant on genius, or low witticisms on its defects.

### CANTABRIGIENSIS.

*Extract from the discourse aforementioned.*

“ A MISTAKEN sentiment often prevails among young persons, which you will do well to correct, that great industry is the mark of inferior talents, and that idleness and dissipation are characteristics of native genius. There is, indeed, one kind of genius, I mean that, which consists chiefly in the liveliness of the imagination, that has not unfrequently been connected with dissipated manners. However genius of this kind may sometimes serve to enliven society, or to amuse our hours of leisure, it is little fitted for business or affairs, and is utterly incompetent to philosophic investigation. But that genius, that consists in profound and penetrating judgment, that is capable to invent, and improve science, and is really useful to the world, is almost always united with activity in business, and persevering application to study. By these qualities have the greatest men in every age been distinguished. Not to mention the Boyles, the Newtons, and the Lockes of modern times, nor the Platos and Antonines of antiquity, let me recal to your mind only Marcus Tullius Cicero, a name, that stands for genius itself, the greatest orator, the greatest statesman, and the greatest philosopher, that Rome ever produced. A celebrated and accurate writer of his life says; ‘ his industry was incredible beyond the example, or even conception of our days. This was the secret by which he performed such wonders, and reconciled perpetual study with perpetual affairs. He suffered no part of his leisure to be idle, or the least interval of it to be unimproved; but what other people gave to the public shows, to pleasures, to feasts, nay, even to sleep and the ordinary refreshments of nature, he generally gave to his books, and the enlargement of his knowledge.’ ”



“ Here is an example, on which you should be proud to form yourselves, an example that refutes the dull maxims of idleness and profligacy, and points out the real road to greatness and honour.”

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## THE ANTHOLOGY.

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### Original Poetry.

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ALTHOUGH this is not the land of Eremites and Friars, I have taken a Hermit for the moving character of this piece; because I knew of no other denomination of one, who, while he inhabits or haunts such scenery, or imagery, as passed in my mind, during the composition, is apt to indulge in similar meditations; and, at the same time, can be supposed to have deserted the world prematurely, and with that disgust of it, which often seizes the youthful heart, when the evils of this life first discover to it their dark side. The reader, it is hoped, will therefore peruse it without criticising, at least, upon that particular.

### PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

THE sun, as dawn's grey mists had fled,  
 'Chas'd the blue sky with gold and red;  
 The restless green tree's topmost boughs,  
 Crown'd with the spangle's changing glows,  
 Awoke to song and feats of love,  
 The new-pair'd minstrels of the grove.  
 The cheer, such scenes inspire, to feel  
 A thoughtful hermit left his cell;  
 And, struggling through the dripping glade,  
 Now stopp'd to admire, now pensive stray'd.  
 A linnet perch'd on lofty tree  
 Soon chirp'd him from his reverie;  
 The stockdove's coos did, answering, 'plain;  
 And, shrilling out his startling strain,  
 Quickening accords the blackbird rung  
 To Progne's oily length of song.



The sage exclaim'd ; can nature choofe  
O'er wilds fuch concert to diffufe,  
While man muft often find his joys,  
In what his neighbour moft annoys ?  
Thefe fongful birds, though fingly bleft,  
As each his own notes loves the beft,  
And, when he'll folitary fing,  
Seems happier, than the flatter'd king ;  
Yet ftill derive increafe of glee,  
Each from the general fymphony.  
Did I then haftily complain,—  
We feek the good and juft in vain,  
And blifs confumes with human reft,  
While paffions burn the yielding breaft ?  
I deem'd all vain, that men purfu'd ;  
And chofe this life of folitude,  
That I, from their concerns abfolv'd,  
Might in their woes be uninvolv'd.  
But reafon owns, fome happy few  
Kindle with mild contentment's glow :  
Reflected round their walks, the gleam  
Of fatisfaction *fpreads* from them.  
I'll therefore vifit men once more,  
For fome congenial foul explore ;  
And hours, to focial gaynefs lent,  
For blifs exchange my lone content.

Back to his cell behold him ftep,  
And there decline his ftaff and fcrip,  
Unstrap his caffock ; in their room,  
Drefs of his ftripling life refume.  
Thefe, as memorials, grac'd the wall,  
Of former wafte'd care and toil ;  
For memory makes paff grief advance,  
Pleafing, as perils in romance.  
Quitting the wood he firft defcries  
From neighbouring thicket fmoke arife ;  
Advanc'd, the voice of children heard,  
And when the pleafant cot appear'd,  
Deck'd in what hopeful fancy lent,  
It feem'd the temple of content.



Its inmate quick approach'd the door,  
With ruddy offspring, half a score,  
Whom he in hasty words besought,  
Romantic as his style of thought :  
" Fair dame, does here the goddess dwell,  
Secluded in this rural dell ?  
Retir'd she lives, like you, no doubt ;—  
Or thousands erst had trac'd her out."—  
She answer'd with regretful mien ;  
" We once enjoy'd her smile serene :  
But, when yon dazzling dome aspir'd,  
Expell'd by envy, she retir'd."

Hence he the great man's mansion sought,—  
Found him of gentle temper wrought,  
Seeming to prove, though strange, sometimes,  
True joy up slippery grandeur climbs.  
Yet now and then some sign of wo  
'Lit darkling on his furrow'd brow,  
Whose growing gloom may bar, one day,  
Each thought, that beams a livelier ray.  
Fortune had match'd his every prayer,  
Were not his name denied an heir,  
Who might to future times proclaim,  
His fire through merit rose to fame,  
And, blest with *wealth*, was, when he died,  
'Tomb'd with all pomp of funeral pride.  
And now the Confort interven'd ;  
Though stricken in years, she marks retain'd,  
How envied once her beauty reign'd.  
Though prudent too, her heart had glow'd  
With blifs, that 'bounds from blifs bestow'd.  
A single weakness she possess'd :  
If in her mirror, when she dress'd,  
Her luckless grey locks chanc'd to shine,  
Contrasted with her florid skin,  
She heav'd a sigh, and back recoiling,  
Fancied, 'twas death with Cupid foiling.  
To parties led, she'd inly pine,  
If doom'd on sofa to recline

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With elder dames, and there sit prating,  
How were all things degenerating !  
Judging, who's blest with competence,  
With learning fraught, and polish'd sense,  
Might ills, that to our nature join,  
To mental grace by thought refine.

In peace, that peace-makers abide;  
Next, to the parsonage he hied.  
Knocking, the noise of weaving ceas'd,  
And welcom'd in, he views, well pleas'd,  
Simplicity, thy trim abode.  
Supplying want of chairs, there stood  
The social settle, festoon'd neat  
With apples, dried for winter treat.  
Fresh spare-ribs too the dresser lin'd,  
And spoke the parish not unkind.  
A sister kept the house, a maid  
In times much better born and bred ;  
Of wondrous skill in forming schemes,  
Contriving matches, solving dreams,  
Whose praise the neighbours join to tell  
For medicines, that never fail.  
But should some parent's only love  
Quit this vain world for bliss above,  
She'd feelingly outweep their grief,  
And, furnishing her best relief,  
Tell them, that did their child survive,  
He might perhaps their torment live,  
And would, " did thankless he behave,  
Bring their grey hairs in sorrow to the grave."  
With so much worth still sorrow mix'd ;—  
The youth, who first her fondness fix'd,  
For whom, her doubts had quell'd desire,  
Now wedded struts the village squire.

The while his host our pilgrim waits,  
His heart with flattering hope dilates.  
But what amazement shrunk his breast,  
When in his face the entering priest  
Reveal'd such marks of sore distress,  
Not Christian meekness could repress.



This morning call'd him to attend  
The ordination of a friend.  
An upstart there, as he demurr'd,  
The hand of fellowship conferr'd ;  
A junior too, to his rejection,  
Was chos'n to preach at May election.  
"What, can't content," the pilgrim cried,  
"In rural scenes with worth reside?  
And must I seek th' infected town,  
Where vice and folly rear their throne ;  
And, as to dissipate the fog  
Its alleys damp the smoke must clog,  
By turns invade man's blackening heart,  
Vicious when dulness' clouds depart ?  
Where pleasure forms the general bent,  
Fashion explodes too rude content.  
Towns seek not blifs to realize,  
Suffic'd to appear in happy guise.  
Howe'er, before the evening star  
Lock'd up the day, and shone afar  
Just like the key-hole of the sky,  
Where still the sun would seem to spy,  
He near approaches, and admires  
Half-circling glories gild its spires,  
Whence on the abject ground dispread  
There gloom'd behind enormous shade.  
So the few joys, in life that glow,  
Long shades of grief behind them throw.

*(To be continued.)*

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IT has been said by some critics, that amidst a profusion of images, the poet's ingenuity is to be chiefly exercised in selection and arrangement. If in the ensuing poem, neither the exercise nor existence of ingenuity appear, it is presumed, that the good-natured reader will receive some gratification in finding, that in the savage scenes of the District of Main, there lives something, like poetic sensibility, and a willingness to conceive and to describe such objects, as are here brought to view.



## MUSING ON THE SCENES OF

## SPRING.

NO more rude winter's angry blast  
Howls o'er the hill, or sweeps the plain ;  
His frowning terrors now are past,  
And spring resumes her genial reign.

The heav'ns, so lately hung with gloom,  
Now beam with warm effulgence bright ;  
The earth again puts forth its bloom,  
The grove refounds with new delight.

The streams, from icy fetters freed,  
In pebbled paths now cheerly glide  
Along the vale, and through the mead,  
Or murmur down the mountain's side.

Again the merry flocks repair,  
Exulting, to the blossom'd green,  
To feast upon the banquet there,  
And frolic on the smiling scene.

Charm'd by the smile of lovely spring,  
With life and joy all nature glows ;  
Sweet fragrance floats on zephyr's wing ;  
The desert blossoms, like the rose.

At morn each bright'ning charm invites  
To spend abroad the rosy hours,  
While health in ev'ry breeze delights,  
And music songs of rapture pours.

At eve, when day's effulgence fled,  
The sky with soften'd tints appears,  
'Tis sweet o'er twilight scenes to tread,  
And gaze, till beauty sleeps in tears ;

Or when night's queen with pensive ray  
Looks down upon the slumb'ring earth,  
Congenial souls delight to stray,  
And give each tender passion birth.



Lives there beneath yon radiant sky,  
Whom nature's charms cannot endear ?  
"With him, sweet spring, may fancy die,  
And joy desert the blooming year."

Now is the time, the season fair,  
"To wake the soul and mend the heart ;"  
The sweetest joys of life to share,  
The joys, which taste and love impart.

With temples, furrow'd o'er with time,  
With hoary locks, and thoughtful gaze,  
E'en wisdom views with joy sublime  
The youthful charms, that spring displays.

Thee, fairest daughter of the year,  
With sacred vows the muses court ;  
Stern winter's ruffian frowns they fear,  
And love with thee alone to sport.

The winding vale, the tow'ring hill  
The woodland, tun'd to native joy,  
Their swelling breasts with rapture fill,  
And all their glowing thoughts employ.

Chief, lovely spring, in thee we trace  
The smiles of all creating love ;  
The charms, that brighten on thy face,  
Our heavenly Father's goodness prove.

Then, while o'er vernal scenes we stray,  
And taste the blessings they bestow,  
Our hearts should breathe a grateful lay  
To him, who bade each beauty glow.

THE MINSTREL.

*District of Main, May, 1804.*

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## MONTHLY CATALOGUE

OF

*Publications in the United States, for April, 1804.*

**D**URING the present month, no original work of importance has come to our observation ; and republications have been un-



usually few, among which however we notice with pleasure the following interesting and valuable

#### NEW EDITIONS.

*Eccentric Biography*, 1 vol. 12mo.—B. & J. HOMANS—*Boston*.

The 1st volume of the *British Poets*—(the Edition, which was announced in the Anthology for February.)—B. J. and R. JOHNSON—*Philadelphia*.

The 1st volume of *Pinkerton's Modern Geography*.—J. CONRAD & Co.—*Philadelphia*.

The publishers have used their endeavours to make the work deserving of the very liberal encouragement afforded to it by the public, and equal in all respects to the English quarto edition, which sells for nearly three times the price. The geography of this country is revised and considerably augmented by Dr. Benjamin Smith Barton; the American maps are drafted by Mr. Samuel Lewis, principally from actual surveys, and engraved by Harrison, Lawson and Tanner. Careful attention has been paid to correcting the press, to binding, and to every thing that would ensure to the publishers the approbation of the subscribers. Subscriptions will be received at twelve dollars per copy until the work is completed, when it will be raised to fifteen dollars.

*The History of the Wars which arose out of the French Revolution*; to which is prefixed, a review of the causes of that event. By ALEXANDER STEPHENS, of the Hon. Society of the Middle Temple, Esq.—J. BIOREN and T. L. PLOWMAN—*Philad.*

*The Seasons, with the Castle of Indolence*; poems, by JAMES THOMSON: to which are prefixed the Life of the Author, by Patrick Murdock, D.D. F.R.S. And an Essay on the Plan and Character of the Seasons, by J. Aikin, M. D.—THOMAS DOBSON—*Philadelphia*.

*Poems and Essays on various subjects*; in two parts, by MARIA DE FLEURY.—T. H. BURNTON—*New-York*.

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#### MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

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IN Paris, the most skilful engravers are employed upon a large collection of coloured drawings, sent from China to the national library by the French Missionaries. The resemblance, which these Chinese vases bear to those of ancient Greece, will, it is expected, give new light on the origin of the arts.

IN Falcion, a village about two leagues from Nice, a curious cavern has been lately discovered. Its entrance is formed by a



small aperture. The interior, of which the extent is not yet fully explored, exhibits a variety of vast compartments, that resemble temples decorated with columns, formed by the crystallization of waters. One single hall, or saloon, will contain four hundred persons. The reflection is so strong, that it requires but very little light for illumining the interior in a very splendid style. Only a small number of adventurers have, as yet, entered it; among whom are a poet and a Roman designer, who speak of it with rapture and astonishment. A certain general, whose name is not mentioned, intends speedily to make a descent into it, and to draw up a circumstantial report of whatever interesting particulars he may discover.

MR. Peter Riffelgen, a native of Copenhagen, has just invented a new musical instrument, which he names THE MELODICA. The sound is produced in a manner hitherto unknown; viz. by the friction of metal forks against a moveable metal cylinder, which is effected by slackening, and straining the fork by means of keys, like those of an organ. As this invention is proved by judges to be entirely new, and superior to any one of a similar construction, under the name of HARMONICA; his Danish Majesty has granted him his *royal letters patent*, in which the formation and peculiar excellence of this MELODICA is detailed at full length.

IN the national library at Paris, there are a great number of Chinese works, and a valuable collection of coloured drawings, executed in China, and sent to Europe by the French missionaries. These drawings represent the ancient vases of that country in a variety of forms, porcelain vases, culinary utensils, furnaces, flower-pots, &c.; a variety of clasps, buckles, rings, ear-pendants, hair-pins, and other ornaments worn by the Chinese ladies; birds, minerals, flowers, plants, landscapes, tents of the emperor and mandarins, cabinets, Chinese observatories, towers, pyramids, bridges, temples, tombs, triumphal arches, and other new and interesting objects; the whole in a superb style, both with respect to the drawing and colouring. Most of these pictures are accompanied with Chinese characters, explanatory of their names and uses. Dr. Hagar has begun to translate some of these characters, and Messrs. Piranesi intend to publish such as shall be deemed most interesting, as a sequel to their "Un-



edited Vases of Herculaneum," as there is a striking resemblance between many of the antique vases of the Chinese, and those of the Greeks and Hetruscans. This may be adduced as an additional proof of the communication which must anciently have subsisted between our occidental countries and China.

PROFESSOR Palmer, of Brunswick, has invented a powder for extinguishing fire; from the use of which great advantage is expected to arise, especially in winter, when the water is frozen. This powder is composed of equal parts of sulphur and ochre, mixed with six times their weight of vitriol. These ingredients are mixed, and the mass afterwards pulverised. The powder is to be scattered over the places on fire; two ounces are sufficient for a surface a foot square. When it is not possible to approach the flames, cartridges may be made of it, and shot with a cross-bow against such parts of the building where the fire rages with the greatest violence. In order to preserve timber from fire, the Professor directs, to rub it over with common carpenter's glue, and then sprinkle the powder over it; repeating the operation three or four times, as the preceding layer becomes dry. If you wish to preserve cloth, paper, ropes, cables, &c. against fire, use water instead of glue in applying the powder.

THE Brunonian system of medicine seems to be rapidly gaining ground in Spain, where a number of works have lately appeared, elucidating and defending the doctrines of Brown, and his disciples of the German school. The Spanish literati continue to spread illumination among their countrymen by publishing translations of the best French and German works that have lately appeared upon agriculture, natural-history, medicine, and other arts and sciences.

A GERMAN tract has lately been discovered in the British Museum, printed in 1713, on the subject of the Cow-pox. It was written by a student of the name of SALGER, and is entitled *De lue Vaccarum*.

GARNERIN, the aëronaut, in his second ascension from St. Petersburg, rose to the height of 1270 French toises, and thence brought down at the request of Professor Parrot, of Dorpat, some bottles filled with air, with which that learned philosopher has been making some interesting experiments.

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